

The Weekly Shelby News.

BY HENRY F. MIDDLETON, >

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The Shelby News.

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For "The Shelby News."

BY "GROVER."

**What shall I write, my friend? Of boasted love,
Whose broken voice, though wintry from above,
Declare how fleeting are its transient joys,—
How empty are the arts o'f employ?**

No, no! I will not dwell—soothe such a theme;

For soon it passes, like some troubled dream,

Leaving the truant heart still sad'd and torn,

Life's sunshine clouded, and its joy all gone.

Nor will I dwell upon the cherish'd past,

With floods of sunshine in its treas'ries vast,

With joy so deep, and hopes so passing fair,

We thought no clouds their beauty might impair;

For all have fled, our laughter now is hush'd;

Some hearts are careworn, others almost crush'd;

The present seems some mighty magic spell;

The past, a dream, to which we've said, farewell!

But let me write of FRIENDSHIP; may it be;

A gift more precious than all else to these;

Cf friend true—not that vain idle thing,

While fortune smiles, that many a favoring bring;

But that which lives the same thro' smiles and tears,

Through joyous hours, or sorrow's dark'd years;

And you will find, that come what change there will,

Such shall be mine, lasting and tried still.

For oh! it is not long that here below

Our bars are tossed on life's stream to fro';

It is not long that sunshines comes to cheer,

Or sorrows crushes from our eyes a tear;

"Well soon be o'er—we see life fading fast;

Though still in youth, we dwelt upon the past;

Then let true friendship ever hold its sway,

To light each path, and cheer each passing day.

For "The Shelby News."

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Many years ago, when I was a boy, the government in its wisdom thinking that every citizen should understand the use of arms and military tactics, caused every one, at certain ages, to be entered on the muster roll, and required him to perform military duty. At stated periods, there were a company, battalion, and regimental musters, with a display of all sorts of guns, cornstalks, umbrellas, &c. &c. The "big musters" were great occasions; perfect carnivals, where there was assembled a multitude of men, women, children, and negroes, with a full supply of whisky, cider, and ginger cakes. But the good old days of hard cider have passed away, and with them the militia system.

In those days, there lived in the county of S—, an old gentleman named James Jones, who had won, by his exploits on various master grounds, the honorable title of Colonel, of which he was justly proud. He was a good-natured, jolly old man; with all the physical characteristics, especially the abdominal prominence, that are regarded as essential qualifications of the magistrate. He was fond of making the impression that he was thoroughly versed in military affairs, as well as in the law; for he was both Colonel and "Squire." He was consulted by his neighbors, all subjects, from a cock-fight to a lawsuit. He had an old greasy book of statutes, that he displayed with great importance at his court; and professed to understand it all, the latin passages not excepted.

Col. Jones had a neighbor named Bill Byers; a wild, mischievous wag, and a horse racer. Bill always kept two or three fast runners, and was generally the most conspicuous man at county courts, and the musters; and, if he could not get up a horse race, he was sure to have fun of some sort. He had desired to try his hand on his neighbor Jones, in order, as he said, to show that militia colonels and magistrates are the greenest specimens of humanity. The 4th of July was just at hand, and Bill determined to avail himself of the opportunity, as there was to be a military parade, a barbecue, speeches, &c., and he wanted to make an example of Col. Jones would be very conspicuous. Knowing the Col.'s weak point to be, a desire to make a grand display in the military way, his plan was soon formed; and, on the day before the celebration, he called on his neighbor. He found him in a fine humor, and easily drawn into conversation on the subject of the celebration.

"Well, Col.—I'll take them by surprise; they have no idea that you would go to the expense to fit yourself out so fine, just for one day—but, Col., there is one thing I have just thought of, you must have a fine looking horse; your old mare won't do; she would spoil the effect of your uniform."

"Oh, Bill, I am very sorry that you think that I wanted to have you hurt; the horse has always been gentle with me; he never done so before, and perhaps may never do again."

"So do again! I'll beat all I'm worth, that the next clump of loblollies he hears he breaks his neck, and I hope you may be on him, that he may break yours."

"I see, Colonel, you are disposed to censure me unjustly, and I won't argue with you. Come let us take something to drink, and I don't think you will blame me so much, when you reflect on it."

"Well, Bill, I may be mistaken; but it looks like you intended to have me killed."

Bill and the Colonel went to the bar and drank until the Colonel was in so good a humor that he really began to feel proud of his adventure, and to boast that it was his chivalry and military skill that had saved him from death by Wild Cat. Bill discovered that the Colonel's breeches were terrible furred in the rear, and being unable to resist the temptation to do mischief, whilst the Colonel was relating all the sensations he experienced in his Metzeppe-like caravanning, he slyly raised the skirt of his coat, and pinned them to his back, exhibiting a pair of breeches tattered and torn in every direction. He then asked the company to drink, and made some comments on the Colonel's narrative, as if he had been listening all the while intently. The Colonel continued to talk of his wonderful display of horsemanship, enlarging, as he went, till some one exclaimed:

"Why, Colonel, you surely have lost your sense! You broke up the muster, by dashing through the regulation like a wild Camanchee; now you are parading about with your coat tail pinned to your back, and your breeches torn off!"

"What are you talking about? Look my senses! Coat pinned—breeches—Camanches—caravanning—mustered! Blast my eyes if I ain't crazy! That's when that cursed horse ran off with me. I ordered a salute, and in three minutes I found myself coming out of a creek, a milfoil. Now, somehow, this has happened, or you're all crazy."

"Why, it means, Colonel," said Bill, stepping up and taking the pin out of his coat, "that you got mud on your back, and somehow your coat tail got stuck to your breeches, torn off!"

"Well, Bill, I am very sorry that you think that I wanted to have your breeches torn off in the rear."

"No, Bill, I didn't think of that. I know that a horse adds a great deal to an officer's importance on the field; and if I knew where to get one, I would do so."

"Well, Colonel, you would that would suit you; he is a noble looking animal, and no gentler than any woman can ride. I have often refused to lend him; but, as it is you, Col., and on such an occasion, I will have to let you ride him."

"Thank you, Bill, I will take him; I think I'll accomplish the antives-to-morrow."

"Well, Colonel, I have been here a good while, and I must return. I will come over in the morning, and bring the horse; so good day."

"Good bye, Bill; I'll show them a trick or two tomorrow."

Bill started home, thinking it very probable he would always have tricks to show. He had a very handsome and fleet red gelding, that he called "Wild Cat," that would run off almost at the snap of your fingers. The young colt was indeed a beauty, and he therefore was not at all suspicious about everything he heard.

"I do not know; he had enough to do to attend to myself."

"Where's your hat?"

"How did you get so wet?"

"The concussion knocked me down, and they poured cold water on me to bring me to."

"The concuss—what?"

"O yes; I understand—they shot a jar out of the canon, and it hit you on the breeches, and knocked you down! It's a wonder it hadn't killed you. How did you like Bill Byers?"

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AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.
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newspaper published in Kentucky.
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WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1855.

In our issue of the 9th instant, we referred to a tale, published by the New York "Tribune," of inhuman treatment of slaves by a man named Lewis and his wife, in Bourbon county. The Paris "Citizen," of the 11th thus refers to the matter:

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF SLAVES.

The New York Tribune has published a letter dated "Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky," in which he undertakes to give the facts connected with the inhuman treatment exercised by Mr. Alpheus Lewis, and his wife upon two of their slaves, and also some harsh comment on the press of Paris. The writer of this letter subscribes himself "A Kentuckian," but every one will at once detect the slyious signature as a vile imposture.

The editor of the Tribune no doubt received with unusual zest, and devoured with savage appetite, this morsel, so acceptable to his malignant nature, and depraved stomach.

How this writer, under the false name of "A Kentuckian," obtained his information of the facts stated by him, we do not know. The writer of the letter, and the comments of the Tribune, we will infer that they were facts stated in open court under the solemnity of an oath, and whose matter is made to assume judicial verity.

The real truth is, that the whole case rests upon rumor, and statements in the county, except the ex parte proof before the grand jury, which body cannot properly or lawfully speak of. There was no trial, or evidence in open court.

The grand jury of Bourbon county, no doubt, very properly presented Lewis and his wife for the inhuman treatment of their slaves, and they were taken from their possession until a trial could be had.

Garrett Davis, Esquire, counsel for the defendants, stated to the court, that he was informed that the facts relied on to support the charge, were very much exaggerated, and that there were many mitigating circumstances, but that he was instructed by Mr. Lewis, to say that he would not object to, or oppose any order the court might make, and was willing that the court might order a sale of the slaves, and a judgment for sale, was entered up directing the Sheriff to sell the slaves on a credit of four months. The sheriff advertised and sold the slaves in the same manner that the laws of Kentucky require for the sale of lands, slaves or other estates under execution.

From the reports of the neighbors of Lewis, and an inspection of the slaves, they had been most severely and cruelly used. We do not wish to justify any one in the inhuman treatment of slaves. We claim the liberty of declaring, what every truthful person must assert, that the public sentiment, and the moral feeling of the people of Kentucky are as pure, as sound, and as humane on the subject of the duties of masters to their slaves, as the most fanatical Abolitionist could desire. We are willing to challenge the judgment of any impartial tribunal as to the kind, merciful and parental treatment of slaves in Kentucky, compared with that of white laborers in the free States. We deny any respectable man to prove that our people are not as prompt to condemn and denounce the inhuman treatment of slaves, by their owners, to provide that they shall be sold and the price paid to the owner. The law makers of Rome for a long period, provided no punishment for perjury, upon the idea that its enormity would prevent its perpetration. The omission of our Legislature to provide a proper punishment for cruelty by masters to slaves, has, no doubt, been caused, by the rare occurrence of such crimes, and that the public mind has never been aroused to the necessity of a proper law on that subject. In a long experience, and a full inquiry, we do not know, nor can we hear of a case similar to that of Mr. Lewis having occurred in this county, nor have we heard of but one proceeding like to it in the State, and that occurred in Fayette county, and resulted in the execution of the master. The case of Mr. Lewis will no doubt operate as the means of having a proper law on the subject. Even our oldest lawyers, until this occurrence, were ignorant of the inadequacy of the law. We can assure the men of the Tribune, that we need not the counsel of Abolitionists, or their spies under false relations to their slaves.

The interference with the government of slaves, by their owners, is of a most delicate and difficult nature. Subordination in the slave is indispensable for his well being as well as of his owner. The interest of his master, runs with his duty in the proper treatment of his slave.

The prizes of Paris are charged with concealing a most horrid enormity, for fear club law. The editors of the Flag, who are charged with skulking from their duty, by reason of club terror, are very able to answer for themselves. We do not acknowledge that we were prevented from proclaiming in our columns, the case of Mr. Lewis, from any such consideration. The editors of the Tribune, judge us no doubt, by themselves; but we are not willing to be tried by their standard, or by that of an Abolitionist letter-writer, who most probably is employed in our midst, while he is gaining secret information by which our property in slaves is to be impaired, the rights of the slave States to be invaded and the constitution and the Union to be violated.

In the attempted grafting of these sanguineous ideas upon the creed of the National Know-Nothings, the question of deepest interest is, to what extent can the popular mind be inveigled into their support? If the doctrines were fairly and frankly set forth no head could be made, and no impression in their behalf effected upon the true masses of the North who object to being overslaughted by the slave-drivers. But they will not be fairly and frankly set forth. That is not part of the scheme of the cunning men who are riding the Know Nothing hobby. They do not mean to face the subject, but to go round it, dodge it, or avoid it altogether. And in this way, and by honeyed words of patriotism, and the dismal platitude of milk-and-water generalities, they propose to put the public sentiment to sleep long enough for them to pick the political pockets of the innocent and long eared.

Does any body reply that this exposition is incorrect in view of the Anti-Slavery action of Know-Nothing councils in the North? We answer that Know-Nothingism, as every national party has done before it, must decide on the slavery question. In the South the Order is to be utterly and unqualified Pro-Slavery, as every political party there is now rigorously compelled to be. And in the South we are to see the bases and ground tier of National Know-Nothingism,

morals of our people. If we had the least doubt of the soundness of public sentiment on the subject, we would have felt our duty to enlighten its short-comings. The worst enemies of slaves are the Abolitionists. Most of the severity of treatment exercised to slaves, may be traced to the insubordination induced by the influence of their would-be Northern friends. We do not wish to interfere with the perfect liberty of the people of the free States, to hold, cherish and maintain their opinions upon the subject of African slavery, but when they claim to come into our own State, to instruct us in the duties of humanity, and the laws of morality and conscience, they will not think it strange that we should disregard their gratuitous intermeddling.

HOW IT OPERATES.—The publication of what it was the "Ritual of the Third Degree" of the American Order, by the Abolition and Papal organ of Pittsburgh, the "Gazette," is working just as we expected it would. The bitter opposition of the "Gazette" to Americanism, for once, at least, has overreached itself, and fallen on the other side. It has opened the eyes of patriotic citizens to the fact, that the Order is an American organization, and having for its sole object the perpetuity of the American Union, and the continuance of the liberties and privileges established by the sires of 1776, and bequeathed to us. The Abolition and Free-Soil press and leaders, also see the effect, that this publication will have and they are denouncing the Order with all the bitterness and vituperation that the New York Tribune, will give credence to the ad captandum assertion that the American party has united and amalgamated with the Abolitionists, made by such papers as the Frankfort "Yeoman," the Louisville "Times," the Lexington "Statesman," and others equally reckless, and equally regardless whether their charges are based upon any foundation other than their own *speciebit* and *wishes*, or not?

The "Tribune" is right: the American party is intended to *will*, "operate as a *bark to eat out anti-slavery agitation*, and all other *factious agitation*." It and its Northern and Southern backers may rely upon that fact. The "Tribune" is also correct, when it states the fact, that with the spurious and bogus concern arrogating to themselves the name of American councils, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and other States, and which have passed anti-slavery resolutions, the American Order holds no fellowship; nor do the persons who constitute them belong to the Order. A few of them did, in New York, as elsewhere and for uniting with Democrats and Abolitionists in the Legislature in saving Wm. H. Seward to the U. S. Senate, they were excluded from the Order, and kicked out of the party.

The platform of the American party in the North, as in the South, is the same in substance as that indicated in the Pittsburgh Gazette's "exposure," and in words as follows:

Resolution of the American Order of New York, assembled in public meeting:

Resolved, That we are opposed to all agitation of the question of slavery—that all ultraists upon that question, either pro or anti, merit our condemnation; but that, of all modern traitors, we regard the ABOLITIONISTS OF THE NORTH AS THE MOST DETESTABLE.

These are American sentiments—they are the principles of the American Order; hence the denunciation by all Abolitionists of the Order—hence the corner stone of the institution. On this basis the Order is *nationalized*, and a free man of Ohio made to clasp hands and fraternize politically with an Alabama slave driver. And this is the platform of the American Reform party!"

Yes, Mr. "Leader," we are willing to say that this is the platform of the American party—and through presented to the public (if not manufactured) by the anti-American party, the American party is not ashamed to stand upon that platform. Who is not morally and politically a traitor to the American Union and the Constitution of the United States? Suddenly, we give from the New York "Tribune,"—the great Ajax Telemach of the Free-Soil and Anti-Slavery organs of the country, its views of this "exposure" of the American Order presented to the public by its less patient, because less talented brother, and of the principles which the Order inculcates—assuming the "exposure" to be true.

From the New York Tribune May 11.

In the first place, then, the National Know-Nothings propose to leave slavery entirely to Providence and the slaveholders.

They say that laws above all politics and all party rule and control the question of slavery. Acting upon the "law of God" sentiments of Mr. Webster, they contend that the true way of treating the question of slavery is to let it alone. It is an institution, they say, permitted to exist by the wisdom of the Almighty for inscrutable purposes, and it does not become fallible mortals to trifling with a subject so far above their comprehension, and whose issues are involved in such profound mystery. Thus they denounce and condemn all agitation of the question of slavery as utterly useless, mischievous and fanatical.

"This, in brief, is the National Know-Nothing view of the slavery question. It will be seen that it is simply the creed of the worst slaveholders. It is a piece torn from the web of the most uncompromised system of slavery. It is an entire and perfect surrender of the whole question to the management and control of the slave States. It is the giving up of every pretension and hope to abridge, or in any way check the aggressions of the slave holders and the universal spread of the institution. It is the doctrine of the most ancient fogeyism, the most intense Castle-Gardensism, and the most venerable and brainless Hunkerism. It is a set-back to every movement against slavery and its aggressions, from the time of John Q. Adams' championship of the right of petition, down to the opposition to the passage of the Nebraska bill.—In the light of this Know-Nothing interpretation of the true policy on the slavery question, every word and every act in resistance to the insolence, the audacity, the aggressions, and the violence of the advocates and bullies of slavery, has been wrong from the beginning, and deserving of nothing but condemnation.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—FOUNTAIN T. FOX, Esq., is the American candidate, and **ALBERT GALLATIN TALBOTT, Esq.,** the anti-American candidate for Congress in the fourth district. They are energetically prosecuting the cause.

FIFTH DISTRICT.—CHAS. G. WINTERSMITH is the American candidate, and **J. H. JEWETT**, the anti-American candidate, for Congress in the fifth district.

SIXTH DISTRICT.—WILLIS B. MACHEN is the American candidate for Congress in the first district.

SECOND DISTRICT.—MAJ. JOHN P. CAMPBELL is the American candidate for Congress in the second district. He has two anti-American opponents: **DR. S. O. PEYTON**, and **J. H. TRABUE**. The anti-Americans are also endeavoring to get Hon. Ben. E. Grey on the track.

THIRD DISTRICT.—HON. W. L. UNDERWOOD is the American candidate for Congress in the third district. As yet, he has from the web of the most uncompromised system of slavery. It is an entire and perfect surrender of the whole question to the management and control of the slave States. It is the giving up of every pretension and hope to abridge, or in any way check the aggressions of the slave holders and the universal spread of the institution. It is the doctrine of the most ancient fogeyism, the most intense Castle-Gardensism, and the most venerable and brainless Hunkerism. It is a set-back to every movement against slavery and its aggressions, from the time of John Q. Adams' championship of the right of petition, down to the opposition to the passage of the Nebraska bill.—In the light of this Know-Nothing interpretation of the true policy on the slavery question, every word and every act in resistance to the insolence, the audacity, the aggressions, and the violence of the advocates and bullies of slavery, has been wrong from the beginning, and deserving of nothing but condemnation.

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SIXTH DISTRICT.—WILLIS B. MACHEN is the American candidate for Congress in the first district.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.—HON. W. L. MARSHALL is the American candidate. **T. CO. M. COX** is the American candidate for Congress in the seventh district.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.—DR. ALEXANDER K. MARSHAL, is the American candidate for Congress in the eighth district.

NINTH DISTRICT.—IT is understood, that Capt. L. M. COX is the American candidate. The anti-Americans have not yet engaged an opponent to him.

TENTH DISTRICT.—SAMUEL F. SWOPE is the American candidate. The anti-Americans have in vain tried to get some one of their number to sacrifice themselves.

Upon the slave driving platform the recruits which are obtained in the North must stand, be they few or many. The Know-Nothings of New England and of Ohio is not counted upon by the Nationals. Most of the severity of treatment exercised to slaves, may be traced to the insubordination induced by the influence of their would-be Northern friends. We do not wish to interfere with the perfect liberty of the people of the free States, to hold, cherish and maintain their opinions upon the subject of African slavery, but when they claim to come into our own State, to instruct us in the duties of humanity, and the laws of morality and conscience, they will not think it strange that we should disregard their gratuitous intermeddling.

PAPAL INSOLENCE.—We give below a recent act of papal insolence, which we think should make men consider. It is only in character with the insolent threats and expressions of Papists, we have often quoted from heretofore; and develops the true character of the Papal church. The facts which called out this insolent foreign bragadocio are these: Mr. Goodrich, (a son of S. G. Goodrich of Boston—the well known "Peter Parley,") is now in Florence, Italy, and is acting as a special correspondent of the "New York Times," under the signature of "Dick Pinto." In his letter under date of March 1st, he wrote as follows:

"A man suspected of reading the Protestant Bible, from the fact that he had singularly lax of late in his attendance at mass, was waited upon by a deputation from the government and the church. His house, his books, his papers, were examined, and he and his family interrogated. He did not deny, nor attempt to deny, that he had long entertained doubts, of the divine mission of the Pope and of the virtues of the priesthood. He asserted that he determined to investigate the doctrines of the reformed religion, and to learn something of the character and practices of its professors. This he had done, but without seeking to propagate his doubts and hesitations among others, an offence which he knew to be punishable. But he had supposed, he said, that he might be allowed to set his mind at rest upon a subject so important. The committee asked a variety of questions, and succeeded in convincing itself that the man was a confirmed Protestant and was quite lost to Catholicism in this world and to beitude in the next. 'You will hear from us soon,' said the committee in taking leave: 'be careful not to leave the city.' Four days after, and at four o'clock in the morning, the guilty apostate was summoned to listen to his sentence: hard labor in prison for one year. The prison selected being at a distance, and if I am not mistaken, on some Mediterranean island. The verdict was immediately carried into execution. Such are the winning ways employed by the modern Inquisition to preserve souls to God; to disown the country in its present matchless state of ignorance, misery, and degradation."

The publication of this letter, and of the American party, after reading the comments of the New York Tribune, will give credence to the ad captandum assertion that the American party has united and amalgamated with the Abolitionists, made by such papers as the Frankfort "Yeoman," the Louisville "Times," the Lexington "Statesman," and others equally reckless, and equally regardless whether their charges are based upon any foundation other than their own *speciebit* and *wishes*, or not?

The "Tribune" is right: the American party is intended to *will*, "operate as a *bark to eat out anti-slavery agitation*, and all other *factious agitation*." It and its Northern and Southern backers may rely upon that fact. The "Tribune" is also correct, when it states the fact, that with the spurious and bogus concern arrogating to themselves the name of American councils, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and other States, and which have passed anti-slavery resolutions, the American Order holds no fellowship; nor do the persons who constitute them belong to the Order. A few of them did, in New York, as elsewhere and for uniting with Democrats and Abolitionists in the Legislature in saving Wm. H. Seward to the U. S. Senate, they were excluded from the Order, and kicked out of the party.

The platform of the American party in the North, as in the South, is the same in substance as that indicated in the Pittsburgh Gazette's "exposure," and in words as follows:

Resolution of the American Order of New York, assembled in public meeting:

Resolved, That we are opposed to all agitation of the question of slavery—that all ultraists upon that question, either pro or anti, merit our condemnation; but that, of all modern traitors, we regard the ABOLITIONISTS OF THE NORTH AS THE MOST DETESTABLE.

These are American sentiments—they are the principles of the American Order; hence the denunciation by all Abolitionists of the Order—hence the corner stone of the institution. On this basis the Order is *nationalized*, and a free man of Ohio made to clasp hands and fraternize politically with an Alabama slave driver. And this is the platform of the American Reform party!"

"To the Editor of the N. Y. Daily Times: My attention has been directed to a letter in the Times of Friday last, written at Rome, by a contemptible libeller, who calls himself Dick Pinto, a near relation, I suppose, of a distinguished personage known as Old Nick. Will you allow me to inquire if you cannot find enough to fill your newspaper with, in abusing that great and good man, the patriot Pierce—in glorifying his sufferings upon his travels; how he laid out on the river Tug, with nothing but the cold snow for his pillow, and the blue vault of heaven for his kivering; how the bright little stars twinkled as he saw Joel lying upon the cold, cold, ground; and how mournfully the night wind sung Joel's (poor Joel's) lullaby. The delegates became completely overwhelmed at this mournful picture of what Joel suffered, and they passed Dimmock's resolution without a dissenting voice.

After a short intermission, given for the purpose of recovering their feelings, the door-keeper gave notice that two candidates were in waiting for initiation. On motion of Mr. Shaffer, the candidates were admitted, and put through in the usual forms of initiation, and the names of our old friends, George W. McCook of Steubenville, and Ray Haddock, of Sandusky, were added to the constitution. These gentlemen then took their seats, the two best looking men in the crowd.

After appointing the committee, the President gave notice that the first thing in order would be the consideration of a preamble and resolutions sent up by the subordinate Lodges, requesting the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature, asking a withdrawal in part of the present Democratic State ticket, and requesting the order to furnish funds sufficient to establish a new paper in Columbus, in place of the Ohio Statesman. Mr. Shaffer moved the adoption of these resolutions.

A stormy discussion ensued. The necessity of some such action was urged by nearly all the leading members of the body. The desperate condition of the Locofoco party was alluded to in the most pathetic terms. An extra session had been demanded by all the leading men in the State. The present State ticket would be beaten worse than it was beaten, last fall, if some of the candidates were not withdrawn; and the necessity of a State organ that could have the confidence of its friends, at least, in a few of its statements, was strongly urged.

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The Garland.

CHARMED GIFTS.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The love it added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell,
The truth in absence to divine;

And they have done their duty well,

Alas! they could not teach them thine.

That chain was firm in every link,

The love it added sweet in sound;

But the heart that offered both was true,

And ill deserved the fate it found.

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These gifts were charmed by secret spell,

The truth in absence to divine;

And they have done their duty well,

Alas! they could not teach them thine.

That chain was firm in his grasp,

Who saw that love never fails;

Resting the chords, rest the clasp.

When thouwert charmed, they'd too;

"To pass to them and thee adieu;

Faithful heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

Miscellaneous.

From the Bowing Green Standard.

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL.

BY MRS. MARY E. HERKINSON.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

As she entered the apartment, her husband arose, as he always did, when she came to him, and said "take that chair, my dear, and wait a moment, I shall soon be at leisure."

"Yes, love, for I have come to ask your consent that I may do something, and as you are so much troubled about advertising Longdale Court, I feared you were avoiding me on purpose, and might not come until late. In the package given you by aunt Hargrave, I found a newspaper. Is the paper I noticed an advertisement by a man who is a magician, and who advertises to discover any mystery and many other things. I wish you to accompany me to Richmond day after to-morrow, and afford me an opportunity to converse with him, for I am sure he can tell me where the bell is, that rings so often and so mournfully."

"Julia, my own dear Julia! is it possible, you have come to this? a magician! some vile impostor; hand me the paper."

The mortified wife handed him the paper, pointing at the same time to the advertisement.

"Disgusting! disgraceful!" said Longdale; "no Julia, I cannot accompany you to see any such fellow."

"Well, may I go myself, to Richmond?"

I know aunt Hargrave will go with me."

"No, you shall not go, Julia," positively said he. "What I go to Richmond to look at sentimental eggs—the heart and ball puzzle—finger rings dance about a room, without being touched, and see men crawl into quart bottles! No, you shall not go one step, by my consent."

"You mortify me by the manner in which you deny me."

"No wonder, Julia, when you vex me so much about that bell. Would it not be a delightful story for gossiping tongues, to tell of your visit to a man, who is going about the country practicing the feats of hoax paroxysms?"

"I will go," said she passionately.

"How will you do so?"

"I will make Abram drive me to Richmond, in the morning. I will return in a day or two."

"Well, if you have become so contrary that you will not listen to the advice of your husband, pursue your own course. I cannot see why you should be interested in the mysterious bell, now, as I have all-vested and design selling Longdale Court."

"I know your opposition to disposing of this delightful abode, for which I do not blame you; and if there is any one who can give me a clue to the mysterious bell, I wish to see and converse with that person. Dear husband, do not look so angry, but let me go."

"Do as you think best," was all he said, and as Julia really thought it best to go and consult the magician, accordingly she sent word to Abram to have the chariot at the stile in the morning at four o'clock.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day, Mrs. Hargrave and Julia went out in the chariot, and at a time when it was known that few persons were in Apollo's room, they made their visit to him. When Mrs. Hargrave introduced her to the magician Apollo, his bright black eyes glittered with delight, for he had been looking anxiously for her to come to consult him, even since he had sent the newspaper to her aunt, containing the outlines of his mysterious accomplishments. He had heard of the Longdale family, and his intense aversion induced him to make an effort to get money from Julia, and as he had heard she was greatly troubled relative to the ringing of a bell, which to all the neighboring people was invisible, he designed demanding an exorbitant amount of her, before he explained to her by the rules of the black art, where the mysterious bell was.

"I shall be compelled to charge you a great price lady," said Apollo.

"How much?"

"Why madam, twenty pounds will scarcely pay for the trouble I shall be at, in clearing away the dark mountain of obscurity between the mysterious bell and yourself."

"Twenty pounds! indeed," said Mrs. Hargrave, "dear me, Julia, his demand so far exceeds the limits of reason, it is really sinful. Twenty pounds; why, Master Apollo, that is sixty-six and two third dollars."

"Exactly, twenty pounds must be demanded, or I cannot throw away my talent, by which I afflict myself mentally to understand the mysterious bell."

"Well, what shall I do, uncle Abram? I am sure the bell is in that tree, and I must have it. Wonder if Planter cannot venture, or one of the other young negroes?"

"Miss Julia," seriously said Abram, "no negro at Longdale quarter would risk his life climbing that tree, even if there was a way for him to get across the swamp."

"La, me, Miss Julia, Ben cannot do it. He would fall into quick sand and never be seen any more."

"Well, what shall I do, uncle Abram? I can't tell, Miss Julia."

"Can young Ben not climb across the tops of the trees in the swamp, and leap on the rocky bluff? Their boughs are so close, it really seems to me, that Ben could venture across the swamp."

Theresa was now called in, and the moment she looked at the bell, exclaimed, "My dear old mistress' bell!"

"How came it in the top of the pine tree, on that frightful bluff, overhanging the swamp, Theresa?"

"Can't tell, master; can't tell."

"Who was the last one that used it, Theresa?"

"Dear master, no one ever used that bell, but old mistress; she used to ring it for her page all the time she was ill. I recollect how Master Renwick used to fret my mistress. Master, Sir Richard, entreated her to turn Paul off, and make one of the colored boys attend her, dear soul; she wanted Paul Renwick, and no one else, because he could read everything to her, and the black boys could not. Old master ready to her sometimes; but you recollect, Master Kenton, as well as I, that your father, Sir Richard Longdale, did not like to read aloud, it made him cough. Paul Renwick was a very bad boy, and every black person on this place was glad when he ran away."

"Where did he go, Theresa?"

"Can't tell sir;—he went away one Sunday, just a week before old mistress died; just at a time, too, when she was suffering most, and never came home again. None of us ever heard of Renwick from that day to this."

"Go up in the garret, Theresa," said Longdale, "open the old oak chest under the window, and bring me that tall silver casket-frame."

Theresa obeyed him; and when he had compared the armorial ensigns on the casket—stand with those on the bell, he remarked to Julia, that if she thought proper to accompany him, she could do so, for he designed going to Richmond the next morning to consult the magician himself.

"Lady, thy home is one of extraordinary beauty; ancient, comfortable, elegant, and romantic. The most delightful groves are green around it. Flowers pave thy walks in gardens and plains—bees hum around thee—birds warble delightfully in the green woods; and silvery streams purr through meads and shady bowers. Thou and thy husband would live happily together, were it not for that mournful and mysteriously sounding bell. Well, lady, a spirit in the invisible realms, has shown thy Longdale Court. In the rear of the plantation lies a swamp, the opposite side of which is bounded by a lofty ragged bluff. On the edge of said bluff, there stands a tall, slim, pine tree, the only one on that portion of the bluff; and lady, although it appears like an impossibility, yet in the top of that tree there hangs a bell! Whenever the wind is in a certain direction, the pine tree bends over the ravine, in which that swamp lies, and as the boughs fall and raise the bell rings."

"O yes!" said the delighted Julia, "that explains why we all believed the bell to be ringing in the clouds—the bluff is so high—it is a great way above our house—but Mr. Magician, who on earth could have hung it up there? Often have I observed that bluff from the garden, but never should have dreamed of any one going to such a dangerous place to hang a bell. What was it done for? do pray tell me about it! O, my dear husband will be delighted to find it; and more than delighted, because he shall not sell his desirable home."

"To explain, lady, how it came there, I should be compelled to sever my spirit from my body, (an operation exceedingly painful,) and send it to a bower in the invisible realms, to consult the genii of a certain person who is dead. You will find the bell exactly in the tree which I have described, and that is enough for which I have to account."

"I dare not let Planter climb that pine, Miss Julia," said Abram; "master will be angry if I do; then suppose his head go

to swimming, and he fall in the swamp, what master say then?"

"At four o'clock in the morning," said Mrs. Longdale to Abram, "you must drive your horses and chariot to uncle's door," the night before she left Hargrave Hall.

"Traveling fast, she came in sight of Longdale Court a little after sun down, and looking from the window of the vehicle, she beheld her husband coming slowly along the road.

"O, good uncle Abram, drive faster—you comes your master to meet me—dear me how lonely he has been—I do not think I can leave him by himself again."

A handkerchief was raised as a signal for Abram to stop his horses, which summons he obeyed, and in an instant Longdale ascended the chariot and sat by his wife. He was delighted to see her, and as she almost smothered him with kisses, whispered in his ear:

"I have found out where that bell is, love; you need not tell Longdale Court—here is the advertisement, you put it out of the vault, and the remains examined; he is so deeply troubled at what Apollo told him. The old man says he never was satisfied respecting his daughter's sudden decease, but for the sake of his grandchildren, he would not create any disturbance in society. He says he knew Ann Eliza Glades to be one of the most high tempered women in the world; but he never should have believed her capable of desiring a man to murder his wife. The magician says Ann Eliza knew all about that she had the poison purchased, with which Simpson Black destroyed his wife."

"O, horrible! indeed," said Julia, "and there must be some truth in what Apollo says, or Simpson Black would have him arrested." "Well, it would not do for Black to put on any airs, or the people would arrest him. Apollo has so many warm friends here; beside, should Black do any thing, every one will at once conclude because his guilt has been uncovered, he wishes to take revenge out of one who has exposed his crime. This Black never was popular no how: and since Apollo has conversed with the spirit of Mrs. Elsieine Love, in the invisible world, of course, the message she sent back by him, respecting her sudden death, will ever be remembered against Anna Eliza Glades, and Simpson Black. Many persons think Black will quit the country altogether, after this report, and go out to the West, to some place of seclusion."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Longdale arose early the next morning, and left the house to rally the servants she intended should accompany her on the bell excursion. Very much disengaged, Julia surveyed the swamp where she was directed to go and find the bell. It was a deep, miry place, abounding with alder, swampy oak and black-thorn trees, and dangerous in many spots on account of quick sand. The bluff was to be seen, just as Apollo had described it; and on the most frightful looking rock overhanging the swamp, sure enough, there grew a tall slender pine tree.

"How shall I ever get to that tree, uncle Abram?" sadly asked she.

"Can't tell, Miss Julia."

"Can young Ben not climb across the tops of the trees in the swamp, and leap on the rocky bluff? Their boughs are so close, it really seems to me, that Ben could venture across the swamp."

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compared the armorial ensigns on the casket—stand with those on the bell, he remarked to Julia, that if she thought proper to accompany him, she could do so, for he designed going to Richmond the next morning to consult the magician himself.

"Julia, you are a most excellent rider; but, after thy severe exercise in the equestrian seat you performed, galloping about with the hours after the red fox, and your excitement, and long fast, in quest of the bell, it appears to me you had better not venture out again to-day," said Longdale.

"Mount Jack Easy, uncle Abram, and take Planter up behind you, and follow me," said Julia, as she sprung from a stump on the side of the path upon Maid of the Oaks, when she leaped ditch, fence, craggy points, or galloped over rugged fields. After a little, however, the cavalcade made a turn and moved off swiftly up the hollow where Julia at first designed going. They galloped six miles up the ravine, and thanks to the fox, for running to a place where they were safe in crossing. Over they went, Julia on Maid of the Oaks, and not far behind her, came Abram with Planter on Jack Easy.

"Julia, you are across the ravine, sure enough," said Julia, "I followed the fox and dogs, and thank Master Reynard for directing us to so safe a crossing place. Now I will have that bell; I know I will."

"What bell, Mrs. Longdale?" asked Edward Latham, as he rode to the side of the

tree to which the bell was hanging.

"Lady, thy home is one of extraordinary beauty; ancient, comfortable, elegant, and romantic. The most delightful groves are green around it. Flowers pave thy walks in gardens and plains—bees hum around thee—birds warble delightfully in the green woods; and silvery streams purr through meads and shady bowers. Thou and thy husband would live happily together, were it not for that mournful and mysteriously sounding bell. Well, lady, a spirit in the invisible realms, has shown thy Longdale Court. In the rear of the plantation lies a swamp, the opposite side of which is bounded by a lofty ragged bluff. On the edge of said bluff, there stands a tall, slim, pine tree, the only one on that portion of the bluff; and lady, although it appears like an impossibility, yet in the top of that tree there hangs a bell! Whenever the wind is in a certain direction, the pine tree bends over the ravine, in which that swamp lies, and as the boughs fall and raise the bell rings."

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